

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 48—No. 41.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1870.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
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**CRYSTAL PALACE—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY**  
CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.  
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## THE STORY OF "MOZART'S REQUIEM."\*

(Continued from page 654.)

The manuscript thus completed was delivered to the agent, who immediately forwarded it to the Count. The latter, though well acquainted with Mozart's handwriting, suspected nothing, but was greatly delighted that his plan had succeeded so admirably. Mozart's sudden death, even more than his promise, protected the Count from discovery; he now considered himself perfectly secure, and did not have the slightest hesitation in calling the work his own. This time, it is true, he reckoned without his host, or rather without—his hostess. The speculative Mme. Constance was not contented with deceiving merely an unknown customer; on the contrary, she intended to deceive the whole world. Regardless of the agreement concluded between her deceased husband and the stranger, she retained a copy of the score for herself. This she had performed in Vienna, as Mozart's last complete work, and carried on a lucrative business with it elsewhere. Count Wallsegg was, probably, not a little alarmed, when he heard of the performance in Vienna; but he was not in a position to lodge a public protest; he contented himself, therefore, with sundry reproaches made privately, but the widow, who was not very sensitive, took no notice of them. It was not till 1800 that the score was published by Breitkopf & Härtel, in Leipzig. At this time a report was spread about that Süssmayer had had a share in the composition. The publishers did not consider themselves justified in ignoring this, and applied to him for information on the subject. Süssmayer did not deny that the work was partly his. The Leipzig firm published his letter, but accompanied it with the remark that it was not very probable a composer so little known could have been capable of producing music which bore the plain impress of the highest genius. All the musical judges of the period appear to have held the same opinion, for they paid no further attention to the matter. Süssmayer, who died not long afterwards, sank into complete oblivion.

Five-and-twenty years later, the controversy concerning the genuineness of the *Requiem*, was revived by a musical scholar of Darmstadt, Gottfried Weber, the founder of the *Cécilia* paper. A careful examination of the score caused him, as a thorough contrapuntist, to come to the conclusion that the larger portion of it could not have emanated from Mozart; because, in all his other works, the great master had erred only very rarely against the laws of counterpoint. At the same time, Weber referred to Süssmayer's letter, and pronounced it as his opinion that the young man was only telling the truth when he claimed a portion of the authorship as his. Weber's appearance in the field created a warm controversy, in which many eminent musicians of the day took part. Mozart's widow, who had meanwhile married one of her deceased husband's biographers, preserved, for good reasons, a profound silence, and thus the dispute led to nothing more than Weber's being left in the minority, while the *Requiem* continued to be regarded as an irrefutable work of Mozart's.

In the year 1839, the matter entered on a new phase. Count Wallsegg was dead, and, some years after his decease, the very original MS. of the *Requiem* which had been furnished him by Madame Mozart, was found in his library. Count Moritz von Dietrichsen purchased it for the Imperial Library, Vienna, and this circumstance was the occasion of the whole matter being subjected to a new and thorough examination.

At the first glance, all experts in handwriting declared that the whole score, from the first note to the last, was written exclusively by Mozart. From this it appeared that all the reports about unguineness and Süssmayer's co-authorship, were based upon an error, and that the entire work ought to be regarded as exclusively the original production of Mozart. Fortunately, the persons interested had great experience of the forgery of manuscripts, which is sometimes done in the most deceptive manner, and, therefore, resolved to proceed with the utmost care and conscientiousness.

In the first place, they set about procuring the manuscript of such portions of the work which undoubtedly emanated from Mozart's own hand. These they compared with the entire score found in the Count's library. We must here remark that it would certainly have been the widow's interest to make away with all such MSS., and she would not have hesitated to destroy them altogether had her avarice permitted her to do so. After in vain attempting to dispose of them to a Frankfurt publisher, on condition that they should be kept secret for a long series of years, she had got rid of the leaves separately, so that it appeared absolutely improbable then they could ever be collected again. A fortunate chance, however, brought this about; all the pages fell into the hands of judges who were capable of appreciating their value, who placed them at the disposal of the Imperial Library.

Of themselves, these detached pages could not, certainly, excite any suspicion against the complete score. Mozart was accustomed to write

down his first sketches upon loose leaves, which subsequently constituted a foundation for working out the whole. But they afforded, at any rate, an admirable opportunity for instituting exact comparisons as to the actual mode of writing the separate notes, words, and lines. These comparisons were made, but it was impossible to detect any difference anywhere. All the manuscripts submitted to examination appeared most decidedly to have emanated from one and the same hand.

Not contented with this, the persons engaged in the investigation procured about eighty other manuscripts, undoubtedly genuine ones of Mozart, and dating from different periods of his life. This rich store of materials was confided to a committee comprising musicians, experts in handwriting, and other duly qualified persons, for the purpose of examining and comparing them with the score of the *Requiem* recovered from among Count Wallsegg's effects. The committee set to work most conscientiously, and at length declared, and by a large majority, that the score in question might certainly have been written by another hand than Mozart's. A number of Süssmayer's manuscripts had been simultaneously included in the investigation, but they exhibited such very different distinctive marks, that the committee felt fully assured that any forgery executed by Süssmayer would be instantly recognized.

A minority of the committee granted that there was certainly a far greater probability of the genuineness of the score than not; but, at the same time, they considered the following striking points worthy of some consideration:—

1. Under Mozart's name stood the date, 1792, while it is well known that the composer died at the close of the year preceding.

2. The composition contains several passages which must, according to theoretical rules, be pronounced faulty, and hence it can scarcely be assumed they emanate from such a master of composition as Mozart.

3. A slight difference is perceptible in the formation of the signs denoting restoration, which are occasionally more like those in Süssmayer's scores than in Mozart's.

4. A difference is manifest, also, in the initial capitals, B, P, O, R, and T. These letters in the present instance are not like those in Mozart's other scores.

The last two instances of difference mentioned, commence only from the second page. In the first movement it was observed that the forms were invariably those usual in all Mozart's manuscripts.

In conclusion, it appeared that the numbering of the pages did not follow with perfect correctness, nor could it fail to strike anyone that Mozart should have made a fresh copy, instead of filling up and completing the one he had already commenced.

With respect to the error in the year, the committee were reminded that, having begun the work towards the end of one year, Mozart thought probably he should not be able to finish it before the commencement of the next, and for that reason selected the later date. Or he might have made a mistake, just, for instance, as he made one of a similar kind when he dated, with his own hand, a Rondo for the French Horn, "Vienna, Good Friday, the 6th April, 1792." Now it was the Good Friday of the year 1791 which fell upon the 6th April; consequently, Mozart was in error as to the year. Each of these suggestions appears much more plausible than that anyone, who calmly and deliberately meditates a forgery, should attach to the forged document a date when the pretended author has long been dead.

With regard to the passages attacked upon theoretical grounds, it was argued that, in consequence of the work being so quickly executed, they may have escaped the composer's notice, or even have been left purposely by him, as he might have considered their employment exceptionally justifiable, as such theoretical mistakes being found in the works of many masters, and very often in those of Handel's especially.

Of the somewhat different formation of the marks for restoration, many examples could be adduced from other manuscripts of Mozart; it was a remarkable fact that these marks in the Wallsegg score tallied perfectly with those in the Rondo for the French Horn above mentioned.

The instances of difference in isolated initial capitals were not very glaring, but, on the contrary, were detected only after exceedingly minute comparison. It appeared, moreover, that, for instance, the letter B was formed differently in different manuscripts, and that the letter R in the word "Rondo" of the piece for the French Horn already repeatedly cited, resembled most exactly that in the word "Requiem." The word "finis" on the last page of the *Requiem* tallied, stroke for stroke, with the same word at the end of another of Mozart's compositions, a composition undoubtedly emanating from his hand, and written in November, 1791. Finally, there was another mark which tended to prove the genuineness of the manuscript. Mozart was in the habit of scribbling detached phrases or musical notes on the margin of pages he had written, and many notes thus scribbled down were remarked in the Wallsegg manuscript.

Finally, with regard to the incorrect numbering of the pages, as well as the improbability of Mozart's having written out the entire work afresh, instead of completing his former sketches, especial importance was

\* From the Berlin Echo.



attached to an assertion previously made by the widow, that her husband was extremely careless with his manuscripts, and, if a detached leaf got mislaid, was accustomed to supply its place out of his head, an easy task for him, as his memory was in this respect never at fault, instead of taking the trouble to look for the missing leaf.

Still, Süßmayer's own declaration, as well as the evidence bearing upon it, and collected at the time of the Weber controversy, from Mozart's widow and other sources, was important. Süßmayer's pretensions were speedily disposed of, being rejected as presumptuous and highly improbable; his capability of composing such music was denied without more ado, and, as some slight inaccuracies were discovered in his letter, his critics thought themselves justified in doubting the truth of the whole. The widow, too, contradicted herself frequently in her evidence; only modified importance was, therefore, attached to her assertions. Of the other witnesses, it was assumed that they were too imperfectly informed to be accepted as unconditionally worthy of credence.

(To be continued.)

### TOM D'URFEY.

Thomas, better known as "Tom" D'Urfev, was the pet and idol of the age of Charles the Second, who was more than once seen walking up the "Mall" in familiar talk with him, dog and courtiers following behind. Nay, the merry monarch carried his complaisance still further and condescended to sing duets with him, Tom and he holding the music between them—a fact which the poet has recorded in his memoirs with great gusto and satisfaction. D'Urfev was principally known for his songs, which he wrote to old and popular tunes—sometimes, if not invariably, adapting as much as was quotable of the old words and choruses to new themes, and otherwise altering and amending, as Robert Burns did with the popular songs of Scotland more than a century later. The King was partial to the fiddle, as the violin was then called both by the fashionable and the unfashionable, and to those lively airs and jig tunes of which the fiddle was the best exponent. When in exile, with but slight chance of ever sitting on the throne of his ancestors, and when he could but ill afford luxuries of any kind, he lavished such money as he could command upon fiddlers and fiddlers. When, after the death of the Great Protector, the Commonwealth of England found itself without a strong hand to rule it, and "the king enjoyed his own again," one of the first things he did was to engage a corps of four-and-twenty fiddlers to play for him during dinner and at his pleasant little private parties and conversations in the evening. It was on these occasions that D'Urfev's services were called into requisition to sing his own songs, not for reward and emolument, but wholly for the honour and glory of amusing the king and basking in the pleasant sunshine of his countenance, and that of the fair and frail ladies in whose society he took most pleasure. At the time of the Restoration, Tom was a gay young fellow of twenty-three, who had abandoned the study of the law for the pursuits of literature and conviviality. During the whole reign of Charles he lived like a prosperous gentleman, making small means to go a long way in keeping up appearances; and being always a welcome guest, not only at the palace, but at the houses of the nobility and rural gentry, where, after dinner he would sing his own songs without much, if any, pressing, and where the hosts and the other guests would join lustily in the chorus. A collection of his songs, under the somewhat coarse title—though it was not considered coarse in that age—of *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, was published by Tom, and had a highly remunerative sale. The poet lived to the good old age of seventy-four, and was buried in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, where a stone with the simple inscription "Tom D'Urfev, dyed Feb. ye 26th, 1723," points out the spot where he lies. He was not in such favour with the gloomy James the Second and the taciturn William the Third as he was with the merry monarch; but in the reign of Queen Anne he was again taken notice of by the court, and received fifty guineas from her Majesty for writing some verses in ridicule of the Princess Sophia, Electress and Duchess-Dowager of Hanover, and mother of George the First. A sample verse will suffice:—

"The crown's far too weighty  
For shoulders of eighty;  
She could not sustain such a trophy.  
Her hand, too, already  
Was grown so unsteady;  
She can't hold a sceptre,  
So Providence kept her  
Away—poor old Dowager Sophy!"

Ten times as much for this poor doggerel as Milton received for "Paradise Lost!" But Tom's songs were better than his satirical pieces, and had a joyous ring about them which commended them to the gay cavaliers of the period. Four of them out of a vast multitude have sur-

vived in a lingering state of quasi-vitality to our day—"The Brave Men of Kent," "Dame Durden," "The Bonny Milk Maid," and "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town." In our day the Kentish men sometimes sing the song that Tom wrote in their honour, with its roystering chorus:—

"The men of Kent,  
So loyal, brave, and free,  
'Mong Britain's race, if one surpass,  
A man of Kent is he."

"Dame Durden" makes a capital glee, and the words and music rattle along together in a manner that King Charles heartily approved, and which will long preserve the little ditty in popular favour:—

"Dame Durden kept five serving girls  
To carry the milking pail;  
She also kept five labouring men  
To use the spade and flail."

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy Draggletail,  
And Tom and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphrey with his flail.  
And Kitty is a charming girl to carry the milking pail."

"The Bonny Milk Maid" is a good description of a country lass by a poet who was pre-eminently a Cockney. But, like other Cockneys of his day and ours, he took much real enjoyment in rural scenes; and his milkmaid is a true picture of a rustic, and not such a caricature of a high born damsel masquerading as a shepherdess, as was the fashion of that artificial age:—

"When cold bleak winds do roar,  
And flowerets spring no more,  
The fields that were seen,  
So pleasant and green,  
By winter all candied o'er.  
Oh, how the town lass  
Looks with her white face  
And lips so deadly pale;  
But it is not so with those that go  
Through frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,  
To carry the milking pail."

"Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town" was written to please Queen Anne, who was fond of Scottish music, as became a scion of the House of Stuart. But little of it, as now sung, was written by D'Urfev, and the air, in imitation of the Scottish manner, was composed for Vauxhall Gardens towards the end of the last century by Hook the father of Theodore Hook, the wit and novelist.

Tom, who had ceased to be able to sing in the sere and yellow leaf of his age, fell into neglect, if not into penury, and a benefit was arranged for him at Drury Lane Theatre, which both Steele and Addison recommended and publicly supported. The latter was particularly cordial in the *Spectator*. "Tom D'Urfev," he said, "has made the world merry; and I hope they will make him easy as long as he stays amongst us. This I will take upon me to say: they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, or good-natured man." Tom was never married, and as a man about town, and a frequenter of the coffee-houses, was the best known personage of his day. But he long outlived his popularity, and his name and his works are now scarcely known except to literary antiquaries.

### GAIETY THEATRE.

Donizetti's comic operetta of *Betty* is almost unknown to the British public. Some form of English version of it was given, we believe, at one of the minor theatres more than thirty years ago, or very soon after its first production, and a principal scene from it has been performed in Italian, with Mdle. Alboni in the principal character. It is too slight a work, however, to obtain much hold upon the British public, which leans to musical compositions of a graver order. *Betty*, has some charming and graceful music written in Donizetti's later and superior style. It was produced at Venice in 1836, immediately after the composer had returned from his first visit to Paris, and had obtained his post of professor of counterpoint at the Naples College of Music. It belongs thus, to the time in which he produced *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Nothing can be simpler than its plot in which a soldier returning from the war, after fifteen years' absence, finds his sister indisposed to meet the advances of a man he deems suitable for her husband, and ultimately frightens her into the marriage he desires. The method of narration has much archness, which is enhanced by delicate and graceful music. Mdle. Florence Lancia plays Betty, the heroine, pleasantly, singing with good intonation and faultless method. Mr. Cummings is thoroughly agreeable as the lover, and Mr. Aynsley Cook comic as the returning soldier. These revivals at the Gaiety are well done, and therefore popular.

## MUSIC IN BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The rapid increase of the population of this flourishing town has produced a very natural desire for a corresponding increase of intellectual entertainments, and we have great pleasure in noticing the vast improvements which have been brought about in the management of concerts and musical gatherings. The oldest society of the town, the "Choral Society," has discontinued giving public performances, though its meetings are held regularly. However, a younger institution, the "Bradford Festival Choral Society," which derived its origin from the musical festivals which were held here some ten or twelve years ago, has acquired a well-earned notoriety by its assistance at various musical festivals in the provinces, as well as at the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace. Mr. James Broughton, of Leeds, is at present the conductor of this Society which has given its first concert of the season last Thursday, a detailed notice of which we shall publish next week.

For the last five years a few gentlemen, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hallé, have arranged first-class concerts at St. George's Hall, a noble building capable of affording sitting room to upwards of 3,000 people. These concerts take place once a month during the winter, and are sustained by Mr. Hallé's splendid band of 70 performers, who come over from Manchester, and in oratorios by the entire strength of the Festival Choral Society; for the solo parts the best available London and foreign talent is engaged. When these concerts were commenced they resulted in a rather serious loss; however by dint of perseverance the committee has succeeded in making them self-supporting after a few years, and now they have become a permanent institution of the town. Chamber music finds its exponents in Mr. John Burton, a very clever piano player, who arranges occasional concerts, and in Mr. Gustav Wolff, a young German pianist and composer of great promise, who gives three classical concerts every season, and whose endeavours to promote the taste for the highest class of music find a ready response in the increasing numbers that attend his performances. Besides a number of very pleasing and cleverly written songs and smaller pieces for piano, Mr. Wolff has produced a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, which was performed with great success last season. The popular department of music is now in the hands of Mr. Morgan, a local caterer of great energy, who gives concerts and other entertainments every Saturday night at St. George's Hall, at very low prices of admission.

## MUSIC IN PHILADELPHIA.

It is too hot in our city of red bricks and level streets, to think much of amusements or of anything that necessitates full-dress or bright lights. The theatres open in a week or so, but music is still flirting at the sea-shore, or playing the mountaineer up in the North. It is to be supposed that our musicians have some ideas concerning their coming campaigns, but the few who are in town are very indisposed to talk much about them. The Academy of Music reports but one engagement of consequence; of course we will have our share of the stars of the day, but they either have not arranged their orbits, or have not thought it necessary to notify the local astronomers of their intentions. One enterprise is however fairly under way, for Mark Hassler, a well-known and competent leader of our city, fired by the exploits of Gilmore's military band, has organized one of excellent materials and size, and will probably make a prominent feature upon all occasions when it can be used.

Of orchestral music there is yet no mention, but it certainly becomes us to be active in this respect. Our musical weakness lies in our orchestral performances, and last season it was very rarely that we had one that was passably good. We have the nucleus of an admirable orchestra, but there is also too much dead wood in each organization, and the apathy of those who play for money soon chills the ardour of the younger members who have some artistic ambition. But if we had a new conductor who was willing to face and conquer difficulties, who had some love for his art for its own sake, and who, animated by the ambition of taking a first-class position where he would finally be not only appreciated, but warmly seconded, to come to our aid, there is nothing too much for him to hope for. Several of our leaders have ability, and some ambition, but in our present state we want fresh, new blood to make orchestral music vital and active. As to the musicians we offer them in our pleasant city in our well-arranged and inexpensive houses, in our fine markets, comforts they can find in no other city, for nowhere else are such homes offered for scanty purses.

The two well-known societies, the old and the young Männerchor, have combined, but unable to get a name that would be distinctive and satisfying to everybody, have simply joined their titles, and will hereafter be "The Old and Young Männerchor." Why it would not suit them to be "The Männerchor" is best known to themselves.

The prospects for the Beethoven celebration seem bright and promising. It is reported that among the German celebrations will be a performance of *Fidelio*, but this seems rather doubtful. The most important will most probably be that given by the "Beethoven Society" on the birthday of the composer.

The programme will be miscellaneous and is well-arranged, with the proper and artistic desire not to undertake anything it cannot perform in a worthy manner. The conductor, Carl Wolfsohn, is however so well known from his Beethoven interpretations that there can be no risk of disaster if he but keeps everything well in hand.

Messrs. Wolfsohn and Jarvis will each give their series of concerts, and the Handel and Haydn, the ParLOUR Quintet Club, are all quite reliable for performances, so that after the mosquitoes and the warm days are gone and the absentees return, there will be a proper degree of activity among the keyed instruments, the reeds, the brass, and the strings. There will be clearing of throats and industrious practisings, so that then I can give you some idea of what our winter prospects are likely to be. E. E. N.

## MUSIC IN BOSTON.

The coming musical season is likely to be a busy one, and there is every indication that it will be an exceedingly brilliant one. The visit of Nilsson, the Thomas concerts, the Harvard concerts, the Beethoven observances, the oratorio performances (in some of which Nilsson is sure to take part), the Handel and Haydn Festival in the Spring (in which, it is also hoped, Nilsson will likewise take part) and the great Gilmore Festival of the early summer, will make busy work for our concert goers and concert reviewers.

Mr. Theodore Thomas's series of concerts will be the first thing in order. The series will embrace ten concerts on the following dates:—Tuesday, Oct. 4th, Wednesday 5th, Thursday 6th, Friday 7th, Saturday 8th (afternoon and evening), Monday 10th, Friday 14th, and Saturday 15th (afternoon and evening). Miss Anna Mehlig and other artists are to assist at these concerts, and a great number of works entirely new here are to be performed.

The Harvard concerts will open November 3rd. The following symphonies will be performed in the course of the season: Nov. 3rd, Beethoven's No. 8 in F; Nov. 17th, Haydn's C minor No. 9; Dec. 1st, Mozart's in C (Jupiter); Dec. 15th, Beethoven's No. 7; Jan. 5th, Schubert's in C, No. 9; Jan. 26th, Mendelssohn's in A minor (Scotch); Feb. 9th, Schumann's E flat (Cologne); Feb. 23rd, Gade's in A minor, No. 3 (first time); March 9th, Schubert's in C arranged by Joachim from Grand Duo, Op. 140 (first time); March 23rd, Beethoven's Eroica, or No. 5. The orchestra works of Bach, Gluck, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Gade, Riets, Wagner, Rossini, Raff, Grim, Volkmann, etc., concertos and solos by Bach, Viotti, Spohr, Moscheles, Chopin, and the vocal works of Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, and others, will also be laid under contribution.

Mlle. Nilsson's concerts will take place on the 21st, 22nd, and 24th of October. Four oratorio performances in November in conjunction with the Handel and Haydn Society, and four more in January, are among the things talked of, but nothing definite will be done regarding them until Mr. Strakosch returns. Miss Anna Cary (Mlle. Cari as she has been Frenchified and Italianized abroad), who is to accompany Nilsson in her American tour, is a much esteemed Boston vocalist who has been absent in Europe several years.

The Handel and Haydn Society will give no oratorio performances until Christmas time, unless it be in conjunction with Nilsson as above suggested. The regular rehearsals will begin on the first Monday evening in October. Preparations will early be made for the festival, which is appointed for the second or third week in May. It will include five oratorio performances and several miscellaneous concerts, and probably one or more new oratorios will be given.

The arrangements for the observance of Beethoven's birthday have not been fully completed, as all the leading musicians and musical people, are yet out of town. It will be, however, an appropriate demonstration, and the leading musical organizations of the city will participate in the course of the three days.

Mr. Gilmore is, of course, awaiting the result of present events in Europe, before he enters full into the preparations for his great Jubilee. Should Europe be convulsed in war next spring, the affair will be postponed, but it is much to be hoped, and in fact, circumstances seem to indicate, that a genuine "Peace Jubilee" may be celebrated by that time. Meanwhile Mr. Gilmore is busy in shaping his plans, and when the proper time shall arrive, he will be prepared to push forward his preparations. The plans for a building capable of containing one hundred thousand persons, and other details are already engaging attention, as is also the musical selections to be sung. When the festival does take place it will be the grandest affair of the kind ever projected, far eclipsing in magnitude the Peace Jubilee of last year. L. L. H.

VIENNA.—Sig. Ceresa is still being assiduously "coached up" in German for his *début* at the Imperial Operahouse. He was formerly first tenor at the Italian Opera. Having amassed a large fortune, he retired. He lost it all, however, by unfortunate speculations, and consequently determined on returning to the stage. He is said to possess a voice such as has not been heard since the time of Franchini. He will first appear as Eleazar in *La Juive*.—The "Gesellschafts-concerte" recommence, on the 20th Nov., with Handel's *Israel in Egypt*.

## SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr. J. Spencer Curwen read a paper before the Congress at Newcastle last week on the Philanthropic Aspect of the Tonic Sol-fa Movement. Starting with a quotation from the late Mr. W. E. Hickson, who said the Germans had been changed from a drunken to a sober nation by the influence of singing in their common schools, the author dwelt on the immense power music wields over the hearts of men—all the greater because, unlike painting and sculpture, it is independent of culture. And it was in singing rather than in playing our instruments, that the universal art would always find the most universal expression. But on the wide difference between singing by ear and reading music he was anxious to insist. It was the difference between learning to repeat a French poem by rote and learning to read the French language. If it was doubted whether this power of reading music could be imparted to the ignorant and the child, Mr. Curwen answered that it had been done, and was being done, by means of the simplified notation, and exact arrangement of topics known as Tonic Sol-fa; and though he had chosen in addressing a company of social reformers to speak of the philanthropic aspect of the work, it was incorrect to suppose that the Tonic Sol-fa movement only existed among the ignorant and uncultured. The author then proceeded to quote letters from the governors of reformatories, Band of Hope teachers, clergymen, and town missionaries, describing their experience in the use of the Tonic Sol-fa method of singing. The uniform testimony was that, having tried in vain to interest their pupils in the established notation, they had been led to take up the new, with best results. As to whether equal results could be obtained by the old system, these teachers, by taking up the new, had declared that they could not; and, more than this, the universal testimony was that, in the short time available, it was utterly impossible to explain the complex and contradictory signs of the staff notation. Teachers said that if they had not Tonic Sol-fa they must teach by ear as an alternative, the established notation being far out of the question. At the same time the relations of the two notations were most friendly, for music was an abstract thing, independent alike of quavers and crotchets and of Sol-fa letters; and the pupil who was travelling to her citadel on one road would have no difficulty in crossing over to the parallel road close at hand. This was proved by experience, for Sol-faists were able to master the old notation quickly without a master's aid, and musicians of the old school had learned to read Sol-fa at a sitting. Mr. Curwen also maintained that the good old Tonic principle, on which the system was so firmly built, was the best key to the difficulties of the old notation; and that, in fact, to learn the letter notation first was the best introduction to the staff notation. Replying to the common statement that the success of the movement was due to the enthusiasm of its promoters, the author thought that history reads us no plainer lesson than that enthusiasm directed upon unworthy objects is stifled and paralyzed, and that truth only can alight and sustain it. He concluded by urging upon those who have leisure for benevolent work the claims of this form of it upon them, ending as he had begun, with a passage from Mr. Hickson, who asked what penal measures and moral exhortations had done to soften and refine the coarse manners of so many of our countrymen, and said—"Why not try to work upon them through the medium of their amusements?"

Mr. Colin Brown Ening, lecturer on music at the Andersonian University of Glasgow, said he remembered the introduction of the system into Glasgow, had watched its spread through the various institutions of the town, and amongst the various sections of the people, and from the great difficulty experienced in perfecting scholars in the reading of music there had been in the last ten years not less than 20,000 children annually taught under the system, to read music as easily as any other description of writing. He had been struck by the change of music in the streets; and instead of those airs which might be picked up at a public-house or concert hall, the finest airs either religious or secular, and from the best authors, were heard. He was struck by this fact most forcibly on seeing some boys passing beneath his office window, who were carrying baskets on their heads, yet who were singing a part-song by Mendelssohn, as they went. The system had received the opposition of musicians generally but this did not prevent its spreading, and there was now scarcely a school in Glasgow without it. The cause of its success was, first, its simplicity, and secondly, its scientific usefulness; indeed, having it simple, having it good, and having it cheap, had been the means of introducing it amongst all sections of the people. It had been successfully introduced into the sabbath-schools, and choirs had been formed from the ranks of the scholars, and the result was, that in Scotland, where church music was proverbial for its badness, the choirs were the best now to be found anywhere. Having referred to the fact that out of a hundred candidates who obtained prizes and certificates at the last examination of the pupils in the Society of Arts, 57 were from Scotland; the speaker related an anecdote of Madame Rudersdorff, who after taking part in a concert, and receiving one of the books that each of the three hundred choristers used, had in a letter home (a notice of which had appeared in the *Cologne Gazette*) pronounced the Glasgow chorus as the most correct in its singing of any she had ever heard. At the concert each of the audience had a book of he music sung, turning over the leaves as regularly as the artist, and Madame

Rudersdorff added that she would much sooner sing before a guinea London audience than have to go before a shilling Glasgow audience.

Mr. J. M'Kendrick bore testimony to the change effected by the introduction of the system into Newcastle, amounting as it did almost to a revolution.

The Chairman tendered the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Curwen.

## Passion Plays.

The theatre is a large open wooden building at the west end of the village. The stage consists of a proscenium eighty feet wide by twenty feet deep, a covered-in stage thirty-six feet wide in the centre of the stage, with curtain, &c., as in ordinary theatres. In this the *tableaux vivants*, consisting of types from the Old Testament, are represented, as well as the different scenes in the play, such as *Christ in the Temple*, *The Last Supper*, *The Crucifixion*, &c. On either side of the stage are the houses of Pontius Pilate on the left, and Annas on the right; and on either side again of these are the streets of Jerusalem. The auditorium, capable of holding nearly six thousand persons, is uncovered, and affords no protection against rain or sun, except quite at the back, where we had fortunately reserved seats. During the performance—which lasted eight hours, with one hour's pause—the large audience sat patiently on the rows of benches under a continuous downpour of heavy rain, which must have drenched them to the skin. Precisely at eight o'clock the chorus (numbering twenty persons, ten men and ten women) enter the stage from corresponding doors on either side, and arrange themselves in a row across the proscenium, according to their height, the tallest in the centre. They are dressed, men and women alike, in long flowing robes of different colours; over these are white tunics of a light material, and bright coloured mantles fall gracefully from the shoulders. Their hair is long, and flows over the shoulders, and they wear coronets on their heads. Their gestures are graceful and expressive, their movements slow and measured, and their general appearance indicates the solemn nature of their duties, which after the manner of the chorus in the old Greek plays, are to explain to the audience the different *tableaux* as they are presented on the stage, being types of the different scenes in the play, and to impress, upon all, the important lessons to be derived from them.

Thomas Aquinas the Younger.

## ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

It is a sing'lar fact, but I never set eyes on your excellent British Mooseum till the other day. I've sent a great many people there, as also to your genial Tower of London, however. It happened thusly: When one of my excellent countrymen just arrived in London would come and see me and display a inclination to cling to me too lengthy, thus showin a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve, I would suggest a visit to the Mooseum and Tower. The Mooseum would ockey him a day at least, and the Tower another. Thus I've derived considerable peace and comfort from them noble edifices, and I hope they will long continner to grace your metropolis. There's my fren Col. Larkins, from Wisconsin, who I regret to say understands the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got through with it yet. He likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directin him to so interestin a bildin. I writ him not to mention it. The col. says it is forinit we live in a intellectoal age which wouldn't countenance such infamius things as occur in this Tower. I'm aware that it is fashin'ble to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear that the col. is altogether right. This is a very respectable age, but it's pretty easily riled; and considerin upon how slight a provocation we who live in it go to cuttin each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether our intellecks is so much massiver than our ancestors' intellecks was, after all. \* \* \* I first visited the stuffed animals, of which the gorillars interesterd me most. These simple-minded monsters live in Afriky, and are believed to be human beins to a slight extent, altho' they are not allowed to vote. In this department is one or two superior giraffes. I never woulded I were a brd, but I've sometimes wished I was a giraffe, on account of the long distance from his mouth to his stummuck. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while going down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he wouldn't get intoxicated, which is a beastly way of amusin oneself, I must say. I like a little beer now and then, and when the teetotallers inform us, as they frekently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the swine shrink from it, I say it only shows that the swine is a ass who don't know what's good; but to pour gin and brandy down one's throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of goin' to the devil that I know of.

ESLINGEN.—The Oratorio Association lately gave a concert for the benefit of the soldiers wounded in the war. The programme was made up of compositions by J. S. Bach, Handel, Stradella, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Professor Fink. A very deep impression was produced by the fact that, as the soprano air, "Der du die Menschen sterben lässest" ("Thou who lettest men die") originally composed by Mendelssohn for *St. Paul*, was being sung, the bell of the neighbouring Roman Catholic church began tolling for a soldier brought from Strasburg who had died of his wounds. Herr Friedrich Fink, master in the Conservatory of Music, Stuttgart, performed, with marked ability, an organ prelude, in E flat major, by J. S. Bach.



## NILSSON'S DÉBUT IN NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Herald.")

Had the *début* of this beautiful and gifted young Swedish artist proved anything less than the great success which it did last night we should have been disappointed. But who could be dissatisfied with such a grand occasion? The art-loving public have been waiting with anxiety and expectation for the advent of a great artist, of whose wonderful voice, great beauty and exquisite dramatic intelligence the Old World has been singing praises. The worshippers of art and the devotees of fashion crowded the house to hear Mdlle. Nilsson last night at Steinway Hall. So fair, so critical and so enraptured an audience has probably never assembled to welcome a young aspirant for the tributes of the American people, and surely never had genius a nobler recognition than was accorded to Nilsson. It is true that she filled to the full measure the highest expectations entertained of her, and, indeed, in many things surpassed them. The perfect figure—lithe, active, graceful in every motion, the type, indeed, and the model of life in its womanly perfection—harmonizes with the extreme purity which characterizes a face formed in a mould of classic beauty and radiant with the halo of innocence. The wonderful capacity of that girlish face to transform its expression to suit every interpretation of thought or passion was superbly manifested in the grand Ophelia scene from *Hamlet*. Nothing perhaps so electrical has been witnessed in a concert room in this country before. Without any of the accessories of the stage all the dramatic effects were produced with a wonderful fidelity to the story of the poor mind-tossed Ophelia that kept the audience literally bound in a spell.

Nilsson's voice is, strictly speaking, comparable to no other artist than Jenny Lind, of which, in point of immense power and delicacy combined, it much reminds one. In higher cultivation and distinctness of intonation, perhaps, she surpasses her predecessor. Success so unqualified as that which crowned the *début* of the young Scandinavian warbler is rarely bestowed by a New York audience except upon genius of the highest order. We are strengthened, therefore, in what we have always upheld, that sterling talent finds its highest and most judiciously disposed reward from the people of this country. It is no wonder, then, that Nilsson received an ovation too genuine to be mistaken from an audience composed of the most refined portion of the community—no wonder that when the last notes of her voice died away in the exquisite Swedish ballad which she gave in response to an encore, for the cavatina from *Traviata*, her countrymen should have assembled in a vast concourse and drawn her carriage to her hotel amid the wildest enthusiasm. This is one of the modes in which people express their appreciation of those entitled to honour; but the earnest, honest verdict upon Christine Nilsson's claims to the title of a great artist was best rendered by the two thousand people in Steinway Hall.

The picture would not be complete without its frame. It would be incomplete if we did not tell how kindly the audience recognized their old friends with a hearty welcome—Vieuxtemps, Wehli, and Brignoli—and how quickly they recognized in the fair *débutante*, Annie Louise Cary, a contralto of great purity, and an artist of more than ordinary merit; how they acknowledged in Verger, the new comer, from the Italian Operahouse, London, a baritone such as we have not heard for a long time, and how Flora and her whole tribe of attendant horticulturists were drawn upon to cover Nilsson from foot to forehead with sweet-scented tributes, representing all fantastic things known to land and water; in short, how an audience composed of the highest intelligence in this city most cordially endorsed Christine Nilsson as a grand artist worthy of all the honours she has won in the Old World and may win in the New.

The war pictures lent to the Crystal Palace Company by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* and laid open, to public view on Saturday, have a higher interest than many more finished productions, as they were taken on the spot, at the risk of life and limb, by gentlemen more zealous in portraying incidents than prudent in avoiding the danger of being arrested and shot as spies, not to speak of stray bullets. These artists have represented the most important scenes of the fields of battle, and faithfully delineated the striking incidents of the campaign.

## MDLLE. NILSSON IN AMERICA.

A fortnight ago we were able to publish a special telegram announcing the great success of Mdlle. Nilsson's first appearance in New York. That the press of the Empire City agreed with the audience let the following extracts show:—

(From the "Herald.")

Mdlle. Nilsson sang "Angels ever bright and fair," the celebrated mad scene from *Hamlet* and the cavatina, "Ah! fors e lui." When she first made her appearance she received such an enthusiastic reception as rarely falls to the lot of any artist, and flowers, from the huge pyramid down to the tiny nosegay, were showered on the stage. The quality of her voice is so different from that of the Italian and English artists we have been so long accustomed to that when the first notes of the simple, childlike little air of Handel fell on the ear a feeling of wonder at first pervaded the audience. The quality of the voice is extraordinary clear and penetrating; it has none of the voluptuous roundness of the Italian school, but a limpidity, delicacy and transparent depth which is susceptible of the most intense expression and tenderness. This selection from Handel was so simple and touching that it requires a world of soul and feeling to give it the required interpretation. By her artless, unaffected rendering of it Nilsson won at once, not the expressed applause, but what was a higher compliment, the deep attention and sympathy of her hearers. The mad scene in *Hamlet*, where the unhappy Ophelia bids farewell to the gay court of Denmark, was sung and acted with such mingled abandon, childish glee and sad feeling that the entire audience broke forth in an avalanche of applause. But the crowning feature was the exquisite *morceau*, "Ah fors e lui." The *andantino*, was given with an intensity of passion and tenderness such as the operatic and concert stage has long been stranger to, and the wild, reckless spirit which is conveyed in the cabaletta, "Sempre Libera," was a whirlwind of mingled despair and gaiety. Nilsson never resorts to inartistic tricks to gain applause. Her style is finished and yet simple. What surprises us most was the breadth of tone apparent in her voice. She rarely displayed it, however, to its full extent, as we have heard from other artists, but keep it under admirable control. This apparent self-negation is true proof of art. We can say of Christine Nilsson as we said of Jenny Lind, whom she resembles much in her voice and style, that we have heard an artist who makes a conscience of her art.

(From the "Tribune.")

When Mr. Maretzek led the *prima donna* upon the stage they saw a slight and graceful figure, beautifully dressed in white, with a few simple trimmings of green leaves and white blossoms; a fair sweet face, a charming smile, deep eyes, and the light golden hair which is the glory of the Northern women. She bowed gracefully before the storm of welcome, but with a little discomposure which was not unpleasant to see; and then, after a few notes of prelude from the orchestra, burst into the introductory recitative of "Angels ever bright and fair." For all our expectations, the first tones took us by surprise. From one so young, so delicate, we were not prepared for anything like the volume and richness of sound which the first measures displayed. As the song went on, and from the stately prelude she passed to the ethereal tenderness of the touching old song, breathing out its tender and pensive strains with such rare purity, such perfect intonation, such incomparable softness, our wonder grew that in this young girl should thus be united excellences which it has seldom been given the greatest singers to combine in their highest perfection,—majesty, richness, power, and delicacy like the breathing of a gentle breeze. The same extraordinary gifts of voice were equally well displayed in her second piece, the mad-scene of Ophelia but in this she showed more fully than in Handel's song the true refinement of her style, the extent of her vocal culture, and her marked talents as an actress which not even the restraints of the concert-stage could wholly conceal. We can imagine what an effect this scene must have had upon the Paris stage. Yet there can be no harm in saying that in Steinway Hall the scene is a very dull one. At the opera it comes in the fourth act, and the preceding three are such unmitigated dolefulness that Ophelia would come like a vision from the realms of the blest, if she came singing nothing better than "Old Dan Tucker." Taken out of its sombre setting, the scene lacks the advantage of contrast with surrounding gloom, and suffers accordingly. While its performance may have been relished last night by musicians capable of appreciating the peculiar ability which it served to display on the part of the singer, it was far less keenly relished by the audience generally than the "Ah! fors e lui" from *La Traviata*. It was in the part of Violetta that she won her first successes both in Paris and in London, and we are not sure but we ought to call this aria her principal success of last night.

It is not difficult, to pronounce after a single hearing upon the secret of Mdlle. Nilsson's success. She is young, she is beautiful, she is charming in her ways, and she has one of the most exquisitely lovely voices ever given to a woman. It is a voice altogether exceptional. Its purity is perfect; its quality is without a flaw; its evenness from the lowest tones of the soprano register even to those empyrean heights which Carlotta Patti glories in scaling, has no parallel within our existence. There is not a harsh nor a shrill, nor a husky note in its whole range. All is exquisitely sweet, all is fresh and beautiful as the singer's own face.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**PUNCHINELLO.**—No. Both the papers named by our correspondent are in error. Donizetti's *Betty* was never played entire at the Royal Italian Opera. In 1847 one scene from it used to be given, between opera and ballet (there was then ballet at both houses)—the scene containing the well-known *Tyrolienne*, "In questo semplice," which Alboni used to sing in such perfection.

**A RECENT ACADEMICIAN.**—An overture to the *Tempest*, an overture in D minor, and an overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, all preceded the overture to *Parasina*. The one immediately following *Parasina* was an overture, styled *Dramatic Overture*. Of course Professor Bennett will allow none of these to be heard; and of course still he will let the world know nothing of the six symphonies preceding the one in G minor which (happily) he has permitted us to know; and yet not one should be permitted to die—and most particularly the No. 5 (in A), and the No. 6 (in G minor).

**S. L., JUN. (Liverpool).**—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was first brought out in London at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, under the management of Mr. Gye, in the summer of 1849, with Madame Viardot and Sig. Mario in the principal characters. The same composer's *Pardon de Ploermel*, under the title of *Dinorah*, was produced at the same theatre, and under the same management, in the summer of 1859. Sir Michael (then Mr.) Costa was conductor on both occasions. Verdi's "Exhibition Cantata" (1862), though not given, as intended, at the opening of the Exhibition, was once performed at Her Majesty's Theatre during the same summer. We believe that it was published by Boosey & Co. The other questions of our correspondent it is not in our province to answer. To reply to them would be to advertise the catalogues of music-publishers *gratis*.

**THOMAS ADDER.**—We happen to have had the article in our possession. In the main, Mr. Adder's memory has served; but as he will see, on perusing the paragraph to which he refers, there are one or two discrepancies in his preamble:—

"*Fiat Justitia*, especially when a fair city's honour is at stake. Yesterday I spoke of what seemed the apathy of Hereford in view of its Festival, and sought ingenious reasons why such apathy may have been excusable. It turns out that Hereford was merely circumspect, the inhabitants reserving both enthusiasm and bunting till the sun shone. No sooner was the order given, 'Pack, clouds away,' than the population descended into the streets, flags flaunted from the windows, and the little city put on an appearance thoroughly equal to the occasion. Fair weather continues, and Hereford is to-day more than ever taken possession of by its Festival. From the Cathedral Close to the city boundaries there are signs of the solemnity in progress; while even those who can only hope to catch the faintest echoes of the music wear a holiday and contented look. That the phenomenon of a Royal visit has something to do with these results may be assumed; but I must not anticipate what will have to be said in its proper connection."

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## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1870.

## BEETHOVEN AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

**C**ENTENARY homage to Beethoven has been sadly disturbed by the war. Germany, we are assured, would have done its best to honour one of its greatest sons, had the piping times of peace continued; and Beethoven would, *pro tem.*, have reigned Lord Paramount over the nation of "culture." But, as matters now stand, the will must be taken for the deed. German brains have something else to think about, and German hands something else to do, while Bismarck, not Beethoven, is the man of the hour, and the national admiration directs itself more towards Von Moltke's strategy than to the *Eroica* symphony. By-and-by, perhaps, when the end of the war has come, Germany may remember Beethoven; but the victor's laurel-wreath is an absorbing toy. What, however, as regards "the balance of the world"?—for

there are, as yet, a few countries not included in the reply to "where is the German's Fatherland"?

If Beethoven, like Shakspeare, was "not for an age, but for all time," he was, also, not national, but cosmopolitan. Every country able to appreciate his genius may claim him, and share equally with "kinsmen according to the flesh" in the glorious legacy of his works. We are bound to say, however, that no very hearty appreciation of the fact has yet been shown. Poor France, of course, can do nothing, and we do not gratuitously insult her when we doubt whether, if she could, she would. Elsewhere on the Continent it would be idle to look. A Beethoven Commemoration has had place in America; but the great name was merely traded on,—turned into a Yankee "notion," and sold, wrapped up in a copy of "Hail, Columbia." As for England, where thousands really, and tens of thousands affectedly, appreciate the master's genius, it at one time seemed as though nothing whatever would be done. The Birmingham Festival managers honoured the Centenary with half a programme; the Hereford Festival managers overlooked it altogether; and but a few hole-and-corner festivities have taken place elsewhere. Undoubtedly, till within the last few weeks, we were justified in fearing that England would let the occasion slip, and by refusing to grace it, disgrace herself. A conclusion to this effect must, however, have been arrived at without taking the Crystal Palace into account. No more serious omission could exist under the special circumstances of the case. The American aloë blooms but once in a hundred years; and the Crystal Palace makes a fuss over its flowers when they come. Was it likely that an equally rare event of far greater import would be overlooked; especially at a place where the managers publish a musical calendar in weekly instalments? Assuredly not; and those who were confident in such a belief are now justified by the result. Beethoven is receiving honour at the Crystal Palace—not honour in an avalanche, such as that bestowed every three years upon Handel, but in exquisitely measured dribbles, with a promise of something special at the end. As a boy prolongs the sweet enjoyment of a tart by biting round the edges, and finally swallowing the jam, so the master is, perforce, to receive the tribute of his English admirers. Let us hasten to approve the arrangement as one far more useful, as well as more worthy, than the pretentious fuss of a regulation *fête*. He honours Beethoven most who most reverently studies his works, and in affording the best opportunity for so doing, the Crystal Palace not only fulfils its mission, but redeems the credit of a nation.

**LEIPZIG.**—Herr Moritz G. Klengel, formerly leader in the Theatre and the Gewandhaus Band, and teacher in the Conservatory, died on the 14th ult. in his 78th year.

**PRAGUE.**—A national and historical opera, *Brzeislav*, words by Krasnohoska, and music by Herr Carl Bendl, has just been produced, with what the local German-Czech paper terms great "outward" success.

**CASSEL.**—At the Industrial Exhibition, which closed on the 1st inst., prizes were awarded: To Herr W. Biese, Berlin, for great excellence in the manufacture of square pianofortes; to the firm of J. Blüthner, Leipzig, for excellence in the manufacture of grand pianos; to Herren Mollenhauer & Sons, Fulda, for wind instruments; to Herr K. Scheel, Cassel, for pianinos; to Herren J. & P. Schiedmayer, Stuttgart, for harmoniums; to Herr Torletsky, Elbing, for a drawing-room organ; and to Herr Ed. Zacharia, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, for a newly invented pedal for instruments with key-boards.

**BRUSSELS.**—At the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Mlle. Bloch has appeared in *La Favorita*. She was well—but not ecstasically—received. The critic of *Le Guide Musical* says she possesses a superb voice, a magnificent person, that she sings with skill, displays experience of the stage, and yet fails ever to electrify the house, for want of one spark of sacred fire. Another fair fugitive from the Grand Opera, Paris, who has appeared here is Mad. Sass. She sang in *Robert le Diable*. Of course, she achieved a great success.



## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THERE is no foundation for a report published by a weekly contemporary that Mr. Santley had been seriously ill. On the contrary, our vigorous baritone was never in his life more seriously well. True, he has been to Jersey (not Wight—as another weekly contemporary puts it); but visiting Jersey and being seriously unwell are distinct matters.

At the Crystal Palace Concert to-day, the Beethoven symphony is the No. 2 (D). Good. There are three overtures in the programme—Rossini's *Siege de Corinthe*, Sterndale Bennett's *Paradise and the Peri*, and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* (all good, we need hardly add). The singers are Madame Vanzini, whom we know; Signor Foli, whom we know; and Mr. Nordblom, whom we don't know. Why is there no Beethoven concerto—Alexandre Billet being in London?

MR. COLIN BROWN EUNG, Lecturer on Music at the Andersonian University of Glasgow, made a speech at the Social Science Congress, and said:—"Madame Rudersdorff added that she would sooner sing before a guinea London audience than have to go before a shilling Glasgow audience." We have no more doubt that Madame Rudersdorff expressed her real sentiments than we have that Mr. Eung construes her words into a splendid compliment for the Glasgow mechanics. What a thing is a Scotchman's belief in Scotch supremacy! No doubt Mr. Eung is in other matters "cannie" enough.

Dr. J. MENDEL, organist at the Cathedral of Berne, speaking of "Die Wacht am Rhein," says that, as originally written by Max Schneckenburger, it had no burden, but each of the six strophes consisted of six lines, the last one only concluding with the words, "Lieb Vaterland," etc. Dr. Mendel, who, in 1840, at the author's request, set the song, always made the above two final lines the invariable burden, and supplemented the concluding strophe with the double verse, "Zum Rhein, zum Rhein," etc. Schneckenburger approved of these alterations in the text, and thus the song was first published as "by M. Sch." music by J. Mendel. Just as it was first sung in Burgdorf at the Town Hall by the author's friends, Spiess, Blösch, Buri, Roller, Haas, Dürr, etc., it was first sung at Berne in the house of the Prussian Ambassador, Herr von Bunsen, before a numerous circle specially invited, by a small choral association, in which Herr Methfessel, the *Musikdirector*, who then resided at Berne, sang the first tenor part, and Dr. E. Gelpke, Professor of Theology, the second. The song was then printed and sent about. But the proper moment had been allowed to pass by; Becker's "Rheinlied" had already monopolized the public ear. Dr. Mendel intends including in a second edition of his compositions for male chorus, which he is shortly about to publish, his musical version of "Die Wacht am Rhein." "A quoi bon?" impartial people might remark, except to gratify Dr. Mendel personally. It seems, however, strange that the latter object can be achieved by the worthy Doctor's drawing especial attention to the fact that, had no one but himself set "Die Wacht am Rhein" that now world-renowned song would long since have been forgotten.

In a review of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's last novel (*Beauty—something*), which appeared in the pages of a contemporary, we find the subjoined:—

"Another amusing though slight photograph is that of Mr. Mendelssohn Jackson, the music master, who would be a gentleman. Mr. Mendelssohn Jackson is a genuine revelation of Mr. Fitzgerald's. We recognize the truth of the portraiture at once, and also fairly confess that it has been taken from the life, and at first hand."

Who is recognized? Which among our "music-masters"—for the most part quite as much gentlemen as Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, or the literary editor of our contemporary?

At the annual book trade sale of New York, when the auctioneers reached Mrs. Stowe's book of *Defamation of Lord Byron* in the catalogue, it was found impossible to get a bid for it. Half a cent a volume was offered amidst shouts of derision. At last the lot was sold for about its value at the paper mill.

## THE ATHENÆUM AND ST PETER.

To the Editor of the "Sunday Times."

SIR,—On returning to town a few days ago, I saw, for the first time, a paragraph taken from the *Athenæum*, and some comments of your own thereupon. Permit me to supplement the latter. I promise to be brief, and so clear that even your contemporary shall understand me, I promise, further, to make my statement final; seeing that you have no space, and I have neither time nor inclination for a lengthened squabble with wounded pride and its sympathizers. The following are preliminary observations:—

I. I can add nothing to your just rebuke of a gross violation of press etiquette by the *Athenæum*. Personally, however, I have no reason to complain, since it opens your columns to this letter.

II. Before charging me with partiality, the *Athenæum* should have looked at home. That journal allows Mr. Chorley to air his private grievances in its pages; identifies itself with his cause, and then twits others with a biased mind. A manifest case, you will say, of stone-throwing by a dweller in a glass house.

III. The remarks I have made in your paper, and elsewhere, must stand or fall by their own force, or want of it. The question of partiality does not affect them. Misrepresentation, for example, is none the less misrepresentation because pointed out, by, say, an advocate such as the *Athenæum* has made itself on Mr. Chorley's behalf. I come now to the main issue.

Mr. Chorley describes me (and the *Athenæum* is obviously proud of the description) as "a gentleman who consented to accept the strange task of remodelling another man's production." What a pity it is when the imagination has to be drawn upon for facts! I consented to accept no such "strange task." Dissatisfied with Mr. Chorley's libretto, the composer of *St. Peter* did me the honour to invite suggestions for its improvement, which he might place before the author for acceptance; and as, on examining the MS., such suggestions were obvious, I agreed to make them. This was my task, at the outset, and not the arbitrary "remodelling" of which Mr. Chorley speaks. The opening of the libretto seemed to me admirable; and beyond advising some trifling excisions—such as that of a passage in which the "Leviathan" was classed among the inhabitants of Lake Gennesareth—I saw no room for improvement. Hence, the prologue of *St. Peter*, necessitating the disciple's long-delayed entrance, against which the *Athenæum* protested in diverting ignorance of its cause, is substantially Mr. Chorley's. Further progress of a like sort was barred by an insurmountable obstacle. Mr. Chorley, I was told, refused to hear of any alterations; and the composer being unable to adopt the book as it stood, it only remained for me to go on independently. Thenceforward my business was not to make suggestions, but to make a libretto; and I did it without the smallest reference to Mr. Chorley's MS., as a comparison of the two works would show. So much for the "strange task." I need only mention that the rejected book contained long episodes—such as the first miracle and the entry into Jerusalem, with neither of which was Peter specially concerned—to relieve myself from the charge of presumption in thinking improvement possible. As regards my own share of the actual libretto, I am not careful to defend it. Let the public voice decide its fate.

In conclusion, I would point out that every allowance should be made for Mr. Chorley at present. When a veteran poet, novelist, and critic finds himself rejected in favour of an unknown man, he is naturally, if not justifiably, indignant. All the greater need that his friends should keep cool and avoid getting into a sympathetic flurry. Whereof let the *Athenæum* take note.—I am, Sir, faithfully,

Sept. 29th.

YOUR MUSICAL CRITIC.

MUNICH.—A three-act romantic opera, *Morgiane*, music by Herr Bernhard Scholtz, libretto, founded on the story in *The Thousand and One Nights*, by Herr Th. Rehbaum, has been produced at the Theatre Royal, with marked success. The principal characters were supported by Mlle. Stehle, Herren Vogl, Bausewein, and Kindermann. At the fall of the curtain, there was a call for all of them, as well as for the composer, who himself conducted.—The Joint-Stock National Theatre, which has been taken in tow by the Theatre Royal, was to be opened on the 1st inst., under the management of Dr. Hermann Schmidt.—It is intended to serve as a sort of artistic nursery to the Theatre Royal.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The weekly orchestral concerts under the direction of Mr. Manns, which, from October in one year to April in the next, offer so many attractions to the lovers of genuine art, were resumed on Saturday afternoon. There was an unusually large attendance for a first concert, and the enclosed and commodious music-room has rarely presented a more animated appearance. The programme, varied as it was, and thus appealing to variety of tastes, did not contain a single piece, vocal or instrumental, against which objection could be fairly raised. We subjoin it in *extenso* :—

Overture "Oberon" ... ..	Weber.
Symphony No. 1, in C (Op. 21) ... ..	Beethoven.
Air, "I mourn as a dove" (St. Peter) ... ..	Benedict.
Air, "Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere" (Paradise and the Peri) ... ..	J. F. Barnett.
Concerto, pianoforte, in G (Op. 58) ... ..	Beethoven.
Duet, "Mira la bianca luna" ... ..	Rossini.
Overture di Ballo ... ..	Arthur S. Sullivan.
Pianoforte Solos ... ..	{ Schubert and S. Heller.
New Song, "Phoebe the Fair" ... ..	Balfé.
March from Suite No. 1 ... ..	Lachner.

When Mr. Manns took his place before the conductor's desk he was received with a burst of applause, in which every one of the audience seemed more or less heartily to join. No such compliment was ever more worthily bestowed—and this for reasons with which our amateur readers must be tolerably conversant. That the orchestra was the same numerous and well-trained body of executants which for many seasons, under the superintendence of their zealous—nay, enthusiastic—director, has helped to win an almost exceptional musical reputation for the Crystal Palace, the performance of Weber's overture to *Oberon* sufficed convincingly to show. Nothing more careful as to detail, nothing more spirited, could have been desired. Still more interesting, however, than this fiery and romantic prelude was the piece immediately following. It is generally known that, in consequence of 1870 being the centenary of the birth of Beethoven (who came into the world December 17, 1770—four lustres and one year before the death of Mozart), it is intended at the concerts preceding Christmas to accord unusual prominence to the orchestral compositions of that master, and especially to give his nine symphonies without exception. The admirable execution of the first of these undying masterpieces, the vigorous, bright, and everywhere melodious Symphony in C—the symphony in which, as it were at a bound, the Beethoven of 30 summers (or, as he himself, with sad veracity, might have styled them, winters) proved himself equal to Haydn and Mozart at their best—was an alluring foretaste of what we have to expect. And it may be stated with confidence, judging from experience, that what we can reasonably look forward to is a performance of each of the nine symphonies as good as any performances that have been heard elsewhere, at home or abroad—even at the Paris Conservatoire, where, but for antagonistic causes, lamented by all the civilized world, the universally renowned orchestral concerts, which the musical Germans themselves have never been able to surpass, rarely to emulate, would be just now about to commence. (Fancy the thunder of German cannons silencing the symphonies of Beethoven—most German of all Germans!). Thus much may be relied upon with confidence; and a better guarantee of what is to follow than the execution on Saturday of the "No. 1"—an execution to criticize which would, as it seems to us, be hypercritical—could not possibly have been afforded. Movement after movement—from the grave *adagio* ushering in the *allegro con brio*, first-born of the giants, to the humorous and exhilarating *finale*—was precisely what it should be. Every member of the orchestra apparently went through his task *con amore*—that is, if unswerving precision, the delicate observation of light and shade, and a sustained unanimity of attack which up to the final reiterated chords might have induced the belief that a single instrument with many various stops and voice had been played upon all the time, by some expert and vigorous executant, may count for anything. To say more than that each movement of the symphony was listened to with eager attention, and that at the conclusion the applause was loud and general, would be superfluous. Let us hope (and we have little doubt of it) that when the turn of the "No. 9"—Colossus of Colossi—comes round, we may be able conscientiously to exclaim, "The end is worthy the beginning." Among the ingenious and instructive "programmatic" remarks signed with the familiar and, to amateurs, always welcome initial "G." (the signature of a genuine enthusiast, if there ever was one), there is one passage to which we must with deference take exception. "Except however," writes "G.," "for the fact that it is Beethoven's first, the starting point in his mighty orchestral career, this symphony is hardly of any especial interest." Happily, a short way

down, in his succinct but able analysis, "G." shows that he himself takes an "especial interest" in every part of the symphony. So did a greater than "G." Mendelssohn, on being asked which of the seven great symphonies of Beethoven he liked best, answer abruptly, "Seven—why, there are nine;" and, on further discussion, said that he liked to hear one or another according to the frame of mind he might happen to be in. At times—and that the least frequently because of the enormous stretch of attention it demanded—it would be the "No. 9," at other times the "No. 7;" at others the "C minor"—and so on; but on no account would Mendelssohn hear of Nos. "1" and "2" being placed apart from the other seven.

If it is intended, which every one will hope may be the case, to include the five pianoforte concertos (as well as the violin concerto) in the ante-Christmas programmes, it was wrong, we think, to begin with the fourth. That to hear so noble and beautiful a composition, played, too, with such brilliancy and refinement as were exhibited by Mr. Charles Hallé on the occasion under notice, must be agreeable under any circumstances can hardly be denied. Nevertheless, in order to make the scheme consistent, it would have been wiser to commence with the earliest concerto (C major, Op. 15), thence proceeding chronologically, through the series, which culminates with the not inaptly styled "Emperor" (E flat, No. 5)—the grandest, perhaps, of all concertos, no matter for what instrument, or from what pen. By the way, Mr. Hallé, who was loudly applauded and called back to the orchestra at the termination of his performance, introduced in the first and last movements, the cadenzas written by Beethoven himself, who in his fifth and last concerto expressly stipulates that there shall be "no cadenzas." To our notion a *cadenza*—generally no more nor less than something interpolated in the work of a master which that master has not himself composed—is out of place and out of taste, unless improvised, as Mendelssohn was wont to do. Cadenzas are simply opportunities for egotistical display on the part of the solo executant, and, in nine cases out of ten, blemishes on the otherwise transparent surface. That Beethoven held them in no great affection may be gathered from the cadenzas ostensibly meant to be introduced whenever his fourth concerto is played, but which are virtually so extravagant that one can scarcely refrain from the belief that in writing them the illustrious musician had chiefly in mind to turn the system of interpolation into ridicule. Regarded as abstract music, these cadenzas are out of sorts with the Orphean inspiration with which certain zealous musicians who think Beethoven was incapable of a joke connect them as a matter of course. Improvisations, such as Mendelssohn, Hummel, and occasionally Moscheles, have been heard to make, by not a few amateurs now living, and such as Mozart, Beethoven, Woelfl, Steibelt, Clementi, and Dussek, according to credible authority, were accustomed to make, must always be entertaining in a degree commensurate with their merit; but written improvisations are pure anomalies. Nevertheless, we find many such perpetrations—like the ornaments supplied so prodigally for the pure and noble pianoforte concertos of Mozart, by men of no less repute than Hummel and John Cramer—actually printed and published with the works themselves, as though they formed integral parts of them. To the fact that Mr. Hallé played Beethoven's cadenzas well, no one who knows anything about pianoforte playing could be insensible; but that, on the other hand, these cadenzas, if only for the composer's sake, were better omitted, must equally have been apparent to those who know anything about music. When Beethoven wrote over one *cadenza*, "*Cadenza—ma senza cadere*"—a bad play upon Italian words, he indirectly made known the small esteem he entertained for gratuitous exhibitions of "virtuosity;" and this was more emphatically shown by his sudden admonition to ambitious pianists, just at the long coveted "*point d'argue*"—"no *cadenza*"—in the first movement of his E flat concerto. Mendelssohn left no opening for cadenzas in either of his pianoforte concertos; while, in his concerto for violin, finding that one might be in place and effective, he cunningly inserted a *cadenza* of his own, which reminds us of the terminal shake for the flute, in "Oh rest in the Lord" (*Etjah*) which saved the singer much pains and the composer, perhaps, still more annoyance.

Mr. Hallé's solos—"Musical Moment" (so-called—we can scarcely believe by Schubert himself), and M. Stephen Heller's *Tarantella*, by no means his best movement of the kind—were both executed as Mr. Hallé knows how to execute them. The first was encored and repeated.

Not the least interesting feature of this excellent concert was the *Overture di Ballo* of Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, written, it may be remembered, expressly for the last Birmingham Festival, and received at one of the evening concerts with marked and well deserved favour. Another hearing of this newest effort from the pen of our most promising composer fully justified the impression created by the first. The composition is in some respects unique, each movement being constructed upon a dance measure (*polonaise—waltz—galop*), and the whole knit together in such wise that we have a consistent and well wrought-out piece, with beginning, middle, and end, symmetrical in form, and amply developed. Apart from this, however, there is a certain inde-

finable charm about the *Ouverture di Ballo* which may be described as fairly irresistible. It is full of genuine melody, and the instrumentation is throughout masterly. Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, together with two or three of Auber's overtures, may stand in our path, when about crediting Mr. Sullivan with an idea wholly original in the construction of his overture; but that takes nothing from its merit. A more sparkling and animated orchestral piece of its kind it would be difficult to name. The performance by the Crystal Palace band was, as might have been anticipated, splendid; and the new overture was greeted with no less flattering tokens of approval than, scarcely a month previously, had greeted it when performed, under Mr. Sullivan's own direction, by the magnificent orchestra of the Birmingham Festival.

That other selections from the programme of the late Birmingham Festival were included in Saturday's performances has been shown above. The lovely and truly devotional soprano song, "I mourn as a dove," from Mr. Benedict's successful oratorio, *St. Peter*, was sung by Miss Edith Wynne with exquisite feeling; and the tenor air, "Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere," from Mr. J. F. Barnett's no less successful cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*, was given by Mr. Vernon Rigby with even more than his usual earnestness. Both were heard with pleasure, and rewarded with applause. The new ballad, "Phoebe the fair," by our veteran composer, Balfe—whose muse is now too infrequently heard, and one of whose operatic overtures (like one of John Barnett's, E. J. Loder's, Vincent Wallace's, and G. A. Macfarren's) might occasionally be heard without dissatisfaction by the Crystal Palace audience—is graceful, eloquent, and unaffected. It is of the genuine Irish type, and was charmingly sung by Miss Wynne, but came too late in the programme to produce a marked effect. Rossini's melodious duet was well given by the lady and gentleman named; but who in the name of melody wrote the orchestral accompaniments? The stately but not over original march from Herr Franz Lachner's well-known *Suite* served effectively as voluntary to play the audience out.

For to-day's concert we are promised the second symphony of Beethoven; and among other attractive things, Professor Sterndale Bennett's "Fantasia-overture," *Paradise and the Peri*.

#### MR. HORSLEY'S EUTERPE.

On the occasion of opening the new Town Hall at Melbourne, a concert was given, whereat the chief feature was a new cantata for voices and orchestra, by Mr. C. E. Horsley. The result, we are glad to learn, was an unqualified success, and the composer, who also acted as conductor, received an "ovation" from his gratified fellow-townsmen. Some idea of the work may be gathered from the following analytical notice, which appeared in the *Melbourne Age*:—

"The overture in B, is founded on two principal themes in the cantata, the air, 'When the meek-eyed Maiden' referring to the power of music in charity, and the final chorus, directly alluding to the building of the hall. The *allegro* of this movement presents the subject in a variety of contrapuntal forms, aided by a fugued episode intended to heighten the climax. The real business of the composition begins, with an invocation to Sound. This chorus is in three movements,—the first slow and majestic, accompanied by full orchestra; the second, an *allegro* with florid accompaniment of strings, leads to a fugue finished by a recurrence of the opening subject, in the original scale, F major. In No. 2, a religious chorus, variety is produced by an appropriate use of the organ. The subject is an elaborated chorale in D flat. This is first sung as a quartet, "When in her sacred Fanes," and then taken up by the chorus. A novel effect is produced at the close by the voices singing in unison (not octaves), the grave notes of the sopranos coupled with the acute sounds of the men's voices presenting, no doubt, the result aimed at. No. 3 is a solo, 'And when that meek-eyed Maiden,' in A flat, for soprano; it is scored without violins, for flutes, clarionets, bassoon, horns, violas, violoncellos, and contrabassos. After this (No. 4) we have an orchestral *intermezzo*, requiring great skill in the performers on the wood wind instruments, who have each solo parts to a rich accompaniment of strings. The *intermezzo* is in E flat, and leads without any pause to No. 5, in G, the chorus, 'Beautiful is Sound devoted.' This may be described as a good tune, harmonized with due regard to contrast; easy of performance, and of pleasing character. At this point the character of the music completely changes. A choral recitative, No. 6, in D major, 'When on the Battlefield,' leads to the 'War and Triumphal March,' No. 7. This is a powerful and elaborate composition, bearing the impress of vigorous thought. By a perfectly natural progression, from triumphal marches we come to funeral dirges—'Slowly and mournfully moves a Procession,' No. 8, in G minor. This is of the conventionally lugubrious pattern, and has an effective solo for bass clarinet. Another change takes place, and the composer now shows us Euterpe in the domestic circle. No. 9, 'But passing from Sorrow,' a short recitative for women's voices, introduces us to a lullaby song in C minor, for contralto, entitled 'The Night Shades gather,' and this is followed by a waltz chorus, No. 11, 'When the Summer Moon is beaming,' in G major. The title will explain the character of this piece, which is full of vivacity, the stringed instrumentation

having plenty of dash and sparkle, while the rhythm is very distinctly marked. In No. 12 we have an ordinary ballad for a tenor voice, 'When Twilight glides with ghostly tread.' We do not think that in this number the composer has quite lowered himself down to the requirements of this style of composition. It is not, however, without elements of popularity. This phase of music in the domestic circle is brought to an end with a brilliant drinking song in C major for men's voices, No. 13, 'But hurrah for the Table that heavily groans.' This is scored by the composer with every means at his command whereby its spirit might be appropriately illustrated. A bass recitative, No. 14, 'When far from Friends and Home,' now turns our thoughts into another channel, and leads to the chorus No. 15, 'Then at Sea or in Wildwood,' in which, by a highly ingenious device, the accompaniment consists solely of 'Home, sweet Home,' played by violins. This chorus is in E major. No. 16 is an air for bass, 'In the yellow Flame of Evening,' in which a graceful oboe solo bears a prominent part. In No. 17 we have a soprano recitative, 'And thus it is that Music manifold,' the accompaniment cleverly contrived to introduce reminiscences of the leading themes which have preceded it. This recitative brings us to the final number, 18, the choral recitative, 'Now a Vision comes,' referring to the stately edifice raised by the 'Fathers, founders, of a mighty nation,' followed by the *allegro* of the overture worked up into a double fugue, and expressed in varied forms. This leads to a pedal point which culminates in a device greatly favoured by Handel—a long pause on a, silent bar. The whole power of sound is then brought to bear on the concluding bars, and the work ends in the original key, B flat."

#### HENRY WALLACK.

Tidings of the death of Mr. Henry Wallack have come to us from America. Although never attaining the distinctive celebrity of his brother, James Wallack, whose memory is inseparably associated with Alessandro Masseroni in *The Brigand*, "Harry" Wallack, as he was familiarly called, was an admirable actor in his time. He made his first great hit in England at Drury Lane in 1832, as Silver Jack, in Douglas Jerrold's domestic drama, *The Rent Day*. When a mere lad he had played at the Surrey, about the commencement of the present century, then he went to America, and returned to this country in 1829, making his *début* as a full-grown actor at "Old Drury," as Julius Caesar. He was an excellent stage-manager, a post which he filled with great credit for Osbaldeston, at Covent Garden, in 1837, and for Mr. Knowles, ten years afterwards at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The most eventful period of his career was that which saw him lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1843 and which might be described as marking the shortest season on record. He opened the theatre at the end of October, 1843, and closed it early in the month following. He had a company including Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Vandenhoff, Vandenhoff, Phelps, James Anderson, Walter Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and others; but the fates were not propitious. First he tried a comedy by Mr. Boucicault, called *Woman*. Then he introduced his brother-in-law, Mr. Hoskiss, afterwards of Sadler's Wells, and now in Australia, as Charles Courtley in *London Assurance*. *Othello* was next tried, and *The Lady of Lyons* was promised; but the manager could not accede to the terms demanded by the author for the privilege of playing it. Finally he brought on the stage a *troupe* of French children called "Les Enfants Castelli," and on that night the audience hissed heartily for four hours and the theatre was closed. All this was in the space of three weeks, and in each week a fresh season had been announced in the playbill. The failure of his first season the lessee attributed to his tragedians, of his second to his comedians, and of his third to the envious conduct of a rival manager. The most amusing reminiscence of this time is, perhaps, the benefit which was being constantly announced but which never took place. In the first week the manager's benefit was fixed for a particular night; in the second positively for another; and in the third, most positively for the ensuing Saturday, by which time the theatre had finally closed its doors. The frequent reiteration of this announcement was very pleasantly alluded to by Mr. John Oxenford, who, under the signature of "Theocritus Londiniensis," wrote some choice articles called *Town Eclogues*, for a little theatrical publication, called *The Critic*, then in existence, and now possibly quite forgotten. The manager summoning the call boy, who was to be sent to the printer exclaiming through his medium, "I will have a benefit Oh! boy, on Monday. Hasten to Fairbrother, mighty in type; to Fairbrother whose works adorn the metropolis. Fairbrother shall tell the world that I will have a benefit." And then followed the oft-repeated classic strain, "Sing, Oh! Muse, of the benefit that the future fondled in its lap and loved so much that it never yielded it to the present." The benefit never came off. Julien took possession of the theatre, and soon after gave promenade concerts. No ingenuity in smothering the outer walls with enormous placards could, however, entirely overshadow the original posters announcing this visionary benefit, and even two years after, when the famous "Corn Law League Bazaar" was held in the theatre, lingering remains of the great posters printed for this impracticable benefit were still to be met with in different parts of the building. The last time Henry Wallack appeared in England was at Drury Lane, under Mr. E. T. Smith's management, in 1853, when he appeared as Robinson, the thief, in Charles Reade's drama of *Gold*, the first form of the afterwards celebrated novel, *Never too Late to Mend*. Henry Wallack died on the verge of eighty.

E. L. B.



## PROVINCIAL.

WEYMOUTH.—We read as follows in a local paper:—

"The distinguished concert party engaged by Mr. Avant gave two entertainments at the Royal Hotel Assembly Rooms, on Saturday. The afternoon concert was very thinly attended. In the evening, however, affairs assumed a brighter aspect. The first piece on the programme was the *allegro* from Weber's grand sonata, in A flat, played by the Chevalier de Kontski, who proved himself to have richly earned the title of the 'lion pianist.' The recitative and aria from Mozart's *Nozze de Figaro*, were very sweetly sung by Mdlle. Liebhart, who was loudly applauded. Mdlle. Enriquez followed with, 'She came like a dream.' She was rapturously encored, and responded with Benedict's charming ballad, 'Rock me to sleep.' The duet, 'Parigi o cara' (*Traviata*), by Mdlle. Liebhart and Signor Mario, gave much satisfaction, and obtained considerable applause. Then came Signor Sivori, who played Paganini's 'La Clochette.' It was a superb performance. He was greeted with an enthusiastic recall, and retired to give place to Mario, the idol of former days, when his voice used to electrify thousands. He appeared before us Weymouthians to sing Donizetti's 'Spirto Gentil,' and was encored. The first part closed with 'L'Echo de la Guerre,' played by Chevalier de Kontski with astonishing transitions between fire and impetuosity and sweet melody (*sic*). The second part commenced with De Beriot and Osborne's *Duo Concertante* for pianoforte and violin from *Guillaume Tell*, played by de Kontski and Sivori. Signor Mario was well received in the ballad, 'Deep in my heart there dwells,' and 'The blind girl's dream' was rendered beautifully by Mdlle. Liebhart. Next came a *duo* for two pianofortes from *Les Huguenots*, the performers being the Chevalier de Kontski and Mr. T. Avant. We are proud to say, for the honour of native talent, that our townsman came out with honours from the encounter. Mdlle. Enriquez then sang 'When all was young,' from *Faust*, and Signor Sivori was heard in a solo which demonstrated the perfection of bowing and staccato playing. The *finale* was a grand fantasia, on airs from *Faust*, played by the Chevalier with undiminished success."

## REVIEWS.

*Songs of the War* (French and German), as now sung by the belligerent armies. With the original words and an English translation. London: Cramer & Co. The war songs of France and Germany are now so familiar that we scarcely need do more than specify the contents of this cheap and well-got-up selection. Of Teutonic lyrics, choice has fallen upon 'The Rhine Song,' 'The German's Fatherland,' 'The Blücherlied,' and Körner's 'Sword,' while the Gallic muse is represented by Musset's 'Nous l'avons eu votre Rhin Allemand,' 'Mourir pour la patrie,' 'Le Chant du Départ,' and the 'Marseillaise.' The arrangement for voice and piano is, in all respects, excellent, and little exception can be taken to the English translations, least of all to those by Mr. Du Terraux. De Musset's poem has, however, received but scant justice. For example, 'Du pied de nos chevaux marqué dans votre sang' is rendered, 'Our horses stamp in blood of your defeated line,' and the grand warning, 'Ne révélez les morts de leur repos sanglant,' appears as 'Take heed to wake the dead from their victorious shrine.' On the other hand, some of the translations have the true battle ring in them.—*L'Echo de la Guerre*. Fantasia Militaire, par Chevalier de Kontski. London: Chappell & Co. The war, though an 'ill wind,' has blown good to the race of transcribers for the piano by supplying them with a host of new and popular themes. In the work before us Chevalier de Kontski has taken 'Lützow's Wild Chase,' the 'Dessauer Marche,' and the 'Marseillaise,' making out of them, as will readily be believed, a very spirited and vigorous piece, at once showy and easy. The title-page presents a striking illustrative and allegorical design.—*Twelve Popular Melodies*; arranged for the pianoforte by Immanuel Liebh. No. 1. 'La Marseillaise.' London: Metzler & Co. This arrangement is the first of a series consisting, so far as yet announced, of French and German national songs. Judging of the rest from the example before us, we may pronounce them thoroughly adapted for popular use, Mr. Liebh having done his work in the case of 'La Marseillaise' with studied simplicity. Moreover, he has taken thought for beginners so far as to finger passages which present but the smallest difficulty. For these things not a few will thank him.—*Keep your powder dry*. National song. Written by Henry B. Farnie. Composed by Dan Godfrey. London: Chappell & Co. This timely enforcement of old Noll's advice is appropriately illustrated by one of his buff-coated invincibles standing before an open Bible, and looking well to the priming of his musket. The words of the song enforce the lesson thus suggested in a hearty vigorous fashion which commands our entire approval. Mr. Godfrey's melody is broad and tuneful, but the refrain seems to us out of keeping, as wanting dignity in itself, and becoming absolutely trivial by comparison with that which goes before.—*Rondo for the Pianoforte*. Composed by Westley Richards, Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. London: Lamborn Cock & Co. Looking at the introduction to this *rondo* before reading the title-page, we saw the familiar arpeggios which precede the regulation *moreau de salon*, and expected to

come in due time upon "Forest Whisperings," "The Mountain Bill," or something of that sort. We were agreeably disappointed; for though Mr Richards' piece bears, here and there, a striking resemblance to music not called by a classical name, it is a *rondo* nevertheless. Next time, perhaps, the composer will attempt no compromise between mere show and high art. The two are incompatible, and it is clear Mr. Richards has ability enough to warrant his devotion to the latter. Meanwhile, as a step in the right direction, we welcome the *rondo*.—*Chappell's Organ Journal*, consisting of favourite movements, selected from the works of the great masters, arranged for the organ, with pedal *obbligato*, by the most eminent organists; Nos. 6, 7, and 8. London: Chappell & Co. We are glad to see that this useful and interesting work goes on; for, though an organist owes his first devotion to music written for his instrument, he can hardly afford to ignore transcriptions such as those here presented. No. 6 contains a slow movement in C major from one of Mozart's quartets, arranged by G. R. Griffiths, who, also, has adapted a slow movement by Haydn for No. 7. The work, in each case, has been done with all needful regard both for the composition, the instrument, and the convenience of the player. As to the music, we may safely let the authors' names be sole guarantee of excellence. In No. 8 we find Hummel's Romanza (from Op. 104), a charming little movement which the majority of amateurs will recognize at a glance. The arranger in this instance is a gentleman—Mr. J. Hiles—whose skill has been well proven. As the pieces are all adapted for moderate-sized organs, our application of the term "useful" to this journal needs no vindication.—*The Musical Bijou*. No. 25. Twelve National and Patriotic Songs.—London: Metzler & Co. The songs in this number are neither French nor German, as might be supposed, but English; the publishers hoping, perhaps, that out of the present rage for patriotic airs will come a little extra attention to those of our own country. A better selection could hardly be made, while the price, sixpence, could hardly be lower. Now is the time for lovers of the "Bay of Biscay," "Tom Bowling," "The Death of Nelson," "The Red, White, and Blue," and "The Tipt Little Island" to gratify their tastes by an expenditure ridiculously small.—*Lady Clare*. Song. Written by Edward Legge. Composed for Signor Mario by Walter Maynard. London: Chappell & Co. A song of chivalry which tells of knightly devotion and truth. The music is often elegant, always pleasing; and we can readily believe that Signor Mario, in his happy moments, creates with it no ordinary impression. But in the hands of other and less illustrious tenors the song will be acceptable for more than a single reason.—*The Blind Girl's Dream*. Song. Written and composed by Louisa Gray. London: Chappell & Co. Touching words are here allied to music which, though of the simplest order, is perfect in its apt expression. As music, the song presents nothing on which to hang critical remarks; as both words and music, we must acknowledge it to be, in its way, an admirable thing. That "The Blind Girl's Dream" will be popular with all who love an unpretending yet pathetic ballad is beyond doubt.—*The Buccaneers*. Song. Written by E. Reece. Composed by Berthold Tours. London: Chappell & Co. Our impression was that songs in praise of pirates, highwaymen, gipsies, and the like had gone out of fashion, and were only to be heard from elderly gentlemen with deep bass voices and a knowledge of "The Wolf." We were wrong, it seems; for here is a bran new work lauding the sea-rover's life in vigorous strains. And a very good song it is. The words are instinct with power, and Mr. Tours' music runs on with all the freedom and grace of the pirate's ship. In the latter, moreover, there are signs of skill and care rarely met with among works of the sort. We can give the song our heartiest commendation.

## W A I F S.

This evening Mr. Santley is to make his first appearance at the Gaiety Theatre, in an English version of Hérold's opera, *Zampa*.

Mr. Alfred Baylis, the tenor, has returned to town from his provincial tour.

Among recent arrivals from Paris here are, M. Gounod and M. Faure.

Herr Ferdinand Ludwig, the pianist, has returned from his tour in Germany.

Prince Poniatowski, the friend of Rossini, and well-known musical amateur, has arrived in England.

Mr William Rea has resumed his interesting and admirable orchestral concerts at the Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Messrs Cramer & Co. have projected a concert in aid of the "Red Cross Fund," to take place in Brighton on Wednesday week.

Among our illustrious artistic visitors this winter will, we are informed, be Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia, the worthy sister of Malibran.

We understand that a concert is shortly to be given in the Town Hall, Brecon, at which Miss Edith Wynne will appear. She will be supported by a Welsh tenor, whose voice is said to have the unusual compass of two and a half octaves.

There is no foundation for the report that Sir Michael Costa has resigned the conductorship of the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts.

It is stated that, after the surrender of Strasburg some of the French soldiers danced to the music of the Prussian bands, as the victorious besiegers entered the city.

Madame Adelina Patti sang at a concert at Brighton on Thursday evening, with what brilliant success may easily be believed. Among her companions was Sig. Delle Sedie.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, will be given at the end of November, at St. James's Hall, Mdle. Tietjens and Mdme. Patey are to be among the principal singers.

Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the well-known bass, gave a lecture on Wednesday last, at Belmont House, Ealing, on "The Voice and the Art of Singing," introducing many excellent songs, all of which were highly applauded. Mdle. F. Nalnganz and Herr Weber assisted Mr. Bishenden.

Before Paris was invested nearly all the leading artists took their departure for other countries. Many are in Belgium and Holland, and the operahouses in the Netherlands will therefore have the advantage of singers and instrumentalists of note. It is already announced that M. Duprez, who is in Brussels, will produce his opera, *Jeanne d'Arc*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, with a strong cast of emigrant singers.

An evening concert will be given, on the 12th inst., in aid of the fund of the German Association for the Sick and Wounded. Amongst the artists who have promised their co-operation are Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Madame Rudersdorf, Fraulein Drasil, Herren L. Ries, H. Bohrer, Benedict, Signor Randegger, &c. The United German Gesang-vereine will sing national part-songs, including Dr. Hiller's new composition, "Zur Wehre," Arndt's "Vaterland," and Wilhelm's "Wacht am Rhein."

We take the following from the *Harvard Advocate*, and recommend it as a college song:—

"The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity,  
When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity.  
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,  
And push and punch the diaphragm as though the deuce was in it.

CHORUS.

"The pharynx now goes up; the larynx, with a slam,  
Ejects a note from out the throat,  
Pushed by the diaphragm."

An enthusiastic Prussian has written to an English journal, requesting the editor to inform his readers that the melody of the famous "Marseillaise," now once more so popular in France, is not French but German. It is, we are assured by him, German sacred music, which was found in the old church of the village of Holtheim, the French having merely adapted it to their words. This is, perhaps, the most cruel attack yet made by the Prussians upon the French nationality. Are we really to believe that all the famous romance about Rouget de l'Isle, celebrated in so many histories, and glorified in so many pictures, is mere delusion? and the young Southern composer, who has certainly done more than man ever did before to stir the hearts of a people, only an impudent plagiarist? Perhaps so; but the Prussian correspondent referred to might have been more explicit. When and by whom was it found in the old church? Obviously, the antiquity of the church would prove little; for there is of course nothing to prevent very new music being found in a very old church. The Prussian gentleman ought to have shown that a German copy existed undoubtedly, older than the revolutionary period when "La Marseillaise, paroles et musique," was first published in France. Till we have some such evidence, we must hold the claim of Rouget de l'Isle to be unshaken. Meanwhile, patriotic Frenchmen may console themselves with the reflection, that no national melody ever yet escaped from a controversy of this kind.

The new *Bouffe* has not yet begun at the Grand Operahouse, New York; but that establishment was the scene of a *rencontre* some days ago, between Mr. James Fisk, jun., proprietor, and his *impresario*, Max Maretzek, which has greatly amused the town. Fisk sent Maretzek to Europe to engage the company, and complains that his agent swindled him in a large amount. At the first morning rehearsal of the corps he proceeded to tell Maretzek so, applying to him the epithets of liar and thief, upon which the latter attacked Prince Erie, and the two fell together in desperate conflict on the floor. Beyond a few scratches and bruises, and ruin of Mr. Fisk's violet velvet coat, no harm was done, but as Maretzek's assault was the first actual violence that has been offered to the person of Fisk, and as he has been a possible subject of it for many months, the "scrimmage excites no little talk, and has since been transferred to the daily papers, where the combatants are firing cards at each other and the public. It has been suggested that the "mill"

should be introduced into one of Offenbach's extravaganza, and be repeated upon the boards of the Grand Operahouse, so that the public might see it. Fisk might then appear, first in his gorgeous array as Colonel of the 9th Regiment of Volunteers, and next, on the *escorte*, in his resplendent uniform as Commodore of the Fall River Steam-boat Line on Long Island Sound.

The autumnal equinox is over, and New York has resumed its wonted appearance of animation. The inhabitants who ran off for the summer to the mountains or the sea-side have mostly returned to their homes; the hotels overflow with Western and Southern merchants, who have come to buy goods, and the theatres have reopened for the season with such attractions as the managers have been able to secure. Nilsson, the sweet songstress of Sweden, is just now the reigning novelty, and she has been received with a warmth that is but rarely elicited by foreign favourites. Had she appeared in opera there is no knowing to what height the enthusiasm of her admirers might have gone. As it was, the old compliment was paid her by a dozen young men of taking the horses from her carriage and dragging her themselves from the concert hall to her lodgings, a freak that did not fail of course to bring out the time-honoured but just rebuke that they proved themselves donkeys in so doing. Miss Nilsson, so far, has sung only in concert, and it is set forth by her manager that she will not sing in opera at all in the United States; but this is only a *ruse* to secure good houses, and we may be reasonably certain that before the winter is over we shall see her announced as Ophelia. Simultaneously with the arrival of the cantatrice came the distinguished German actress, Maria Seebach, who has made her *début* in America, as Marguerita, with great success.

### THE COLSTON HALL ORGAN.

A "festival" was held in the Colston Hall, Bristol, on Tuesday and Wednesday last, to celebrate the opening of an organ, for which the citizens are chiefly indebted to the munificence of Mr. Willis, of tobacco fame. The specification of the instrument runs as follows:—

SOLO ORGAN.			
Stops.	Feet.		Feet.
1 Flute Harmonique .....	8	5 Corno di Bassetto .....	8
2 Concert Flute .....	4	6 Orchestral Oboe .....	8
3 Viol de Gamba .....	8	7 Tuba Major Harmonic .....	8
4 Violin .....	4	8 Clarion .....	4
SWELL ORGAN.			
9 Contra Gamba .....	16	16 Echo Cornet, 3 ranks .....	
10 Salicional .....	8	17 Contra Posaine .....	16
11 Open Diapason .....	8	18 Cornopean .....	8
12 Lieblich Gedächti .....	8	19 Hautboy .....	8
13 Vox Angelica .....	8	20 Clarinet .....	8
14 Principal .....	4	21 Vox Humana .....	8
15 Fifteenth .....	2	22 Clarion .....	4
Tremulant to Vox Humana and Hautboy.			
GREAT ORGAN.			
23 Grand Double Diapason .....	16	29 Quint .....	3
24 Open Diapason .....	8	30 Super-Octave .....	2
25 Open Diapason .....	8	31 Fourniture, 4 ranks .....	
26 Violin .....	8	32 Trombone .....	16
27 Claribel .....	8	33 Tromba Harmonic .....	8
28 Octave .....	4	34 Clarion .....	4
CHOIR ORGAN.			
35 Dulciana .....	8	40 Flageolet .....	2
36 Lieblich Gedächti .....	8	41 Corno di Bassetto .....	8
37 Claribel Flute .....	8	42 Bassoon .....	8
38 Violoncello .....	8	43 Posaine .....	8
39 Flute, Octaviante Harmonique .....	4		
PEDALE ORGAN.			
44 Double Diapason, wood .....	32	48 Octave .....	8
45 Open Diapason .....	16	49 Mixture, 3 ranks, metal .....	
46 Violin .....	16	50 Grand Bombard .....	16
47 Violoncello .....	8		
COUPLERS.			
1 Solo to Great .....		6 Solo to Pedals .....	
2 Swell to Great Sub-octave .....		7 Swell to .....	
3 Swell to Great Unison .....		8 Great to .....	
4 Swell to Great Super-octave .....		9 Choir to .....	
5 Choir to Great .....		10 Sforzando .....	

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In the afternoon of both festival days, a choice selection of classical music was played by Mr. W. T. Best, to the gratification of large audiences. The instrument, which gives entire satisfaction, has been built by Mr. Henry Willis.

SZEGSZARD.—The Abbaté Franz Liszt, according to a correspondent of the *Hon*, is still engaged on the "great work" which he commenced so successfully at Weimar. Baron Anton August has placed a whole castle at his disposal, and the artist's pupils, friends, and admirers come to him here just as they used to come at Weimar. Among his present visitors are Herr Servais, son of the well-known violoncellist, the Polish Countess Janina, a passionate lover of art, and Mdlle. Menter. There is a very general wish in musical circles that the Abbaté-Virtuoso should settle definitively in Hungary, where he might do a very great deal to improve and raise the character of the national music. As, probably, for political reasons, he may not feel inclined to return to Rome or Weimar, he might, it is believed, be induced to stay in Hungary, provided anything worthy his acceptance could be offered him. It is proposed that the high Hungarian clergy should endeavour to secure his services for the music of their Church.

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